Very few have Jewish features, high foreheads and aquiline noses.

I saw two or three pretty young women. The men are thin and amazingly active—a laborious, hardy, patient race. The dress of the peasant men is a small blue cap, blue jacket, white trousers, and gaiters or boots of ill-tanned goatskin, but more often barefooted; a long pole, with an arrow point, in his hand, and a coat hanging over it. The women delight in gaudy colours, but all wear the blue bonnet, a white handkerchief over their heads, chin, and neck; a short blue cloak, and bodice laced loose before. The town women wear men's round hats, and cloaks down to the ground.

The roads up from the city are paved with sharp, slippery stones, which are more painful to descend than to mount. People use small horses, which go up and down in a canter, with a peasant behind, who carries the traveller's pormanteau on his shoulder, beating them on.

Mr. Murdoch resides at an elegant villa *a Vitalienne,* up the mountain, where, at great expense, he has laid out a beautiful

garden, not only of the best productions of the island, but also of trees brought from all parts of the world, which all thrive there. Magnolias, as large as the oaks